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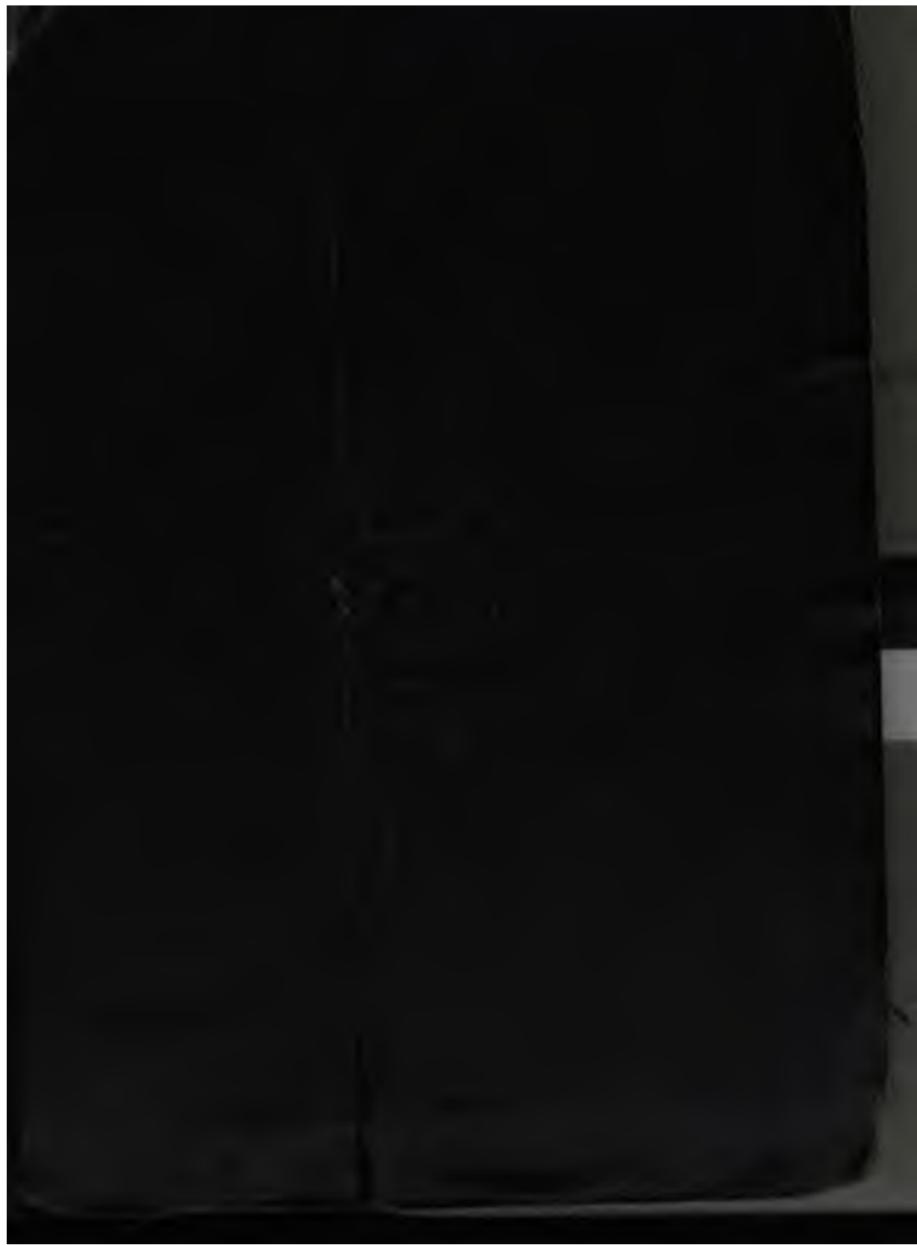
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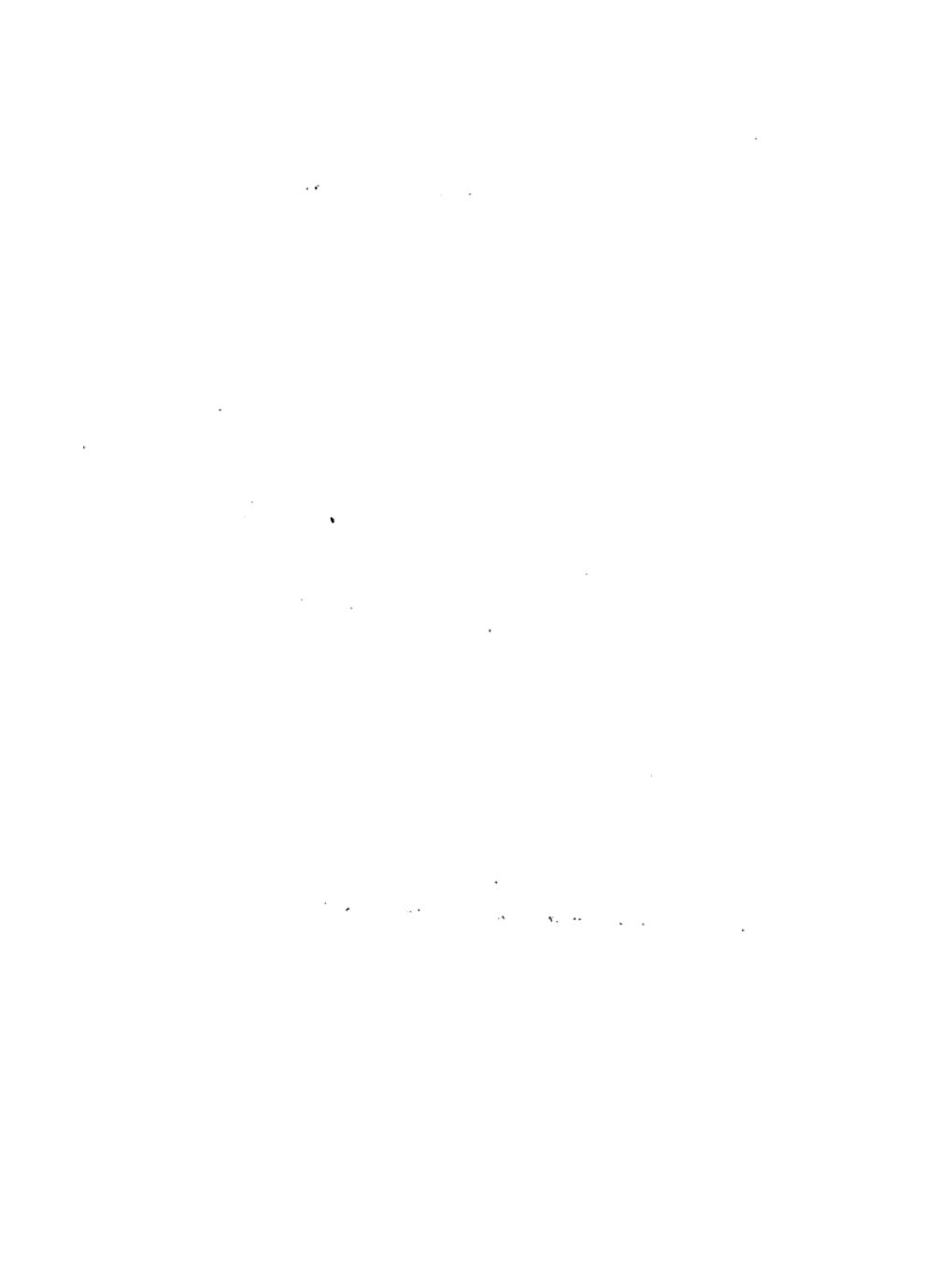
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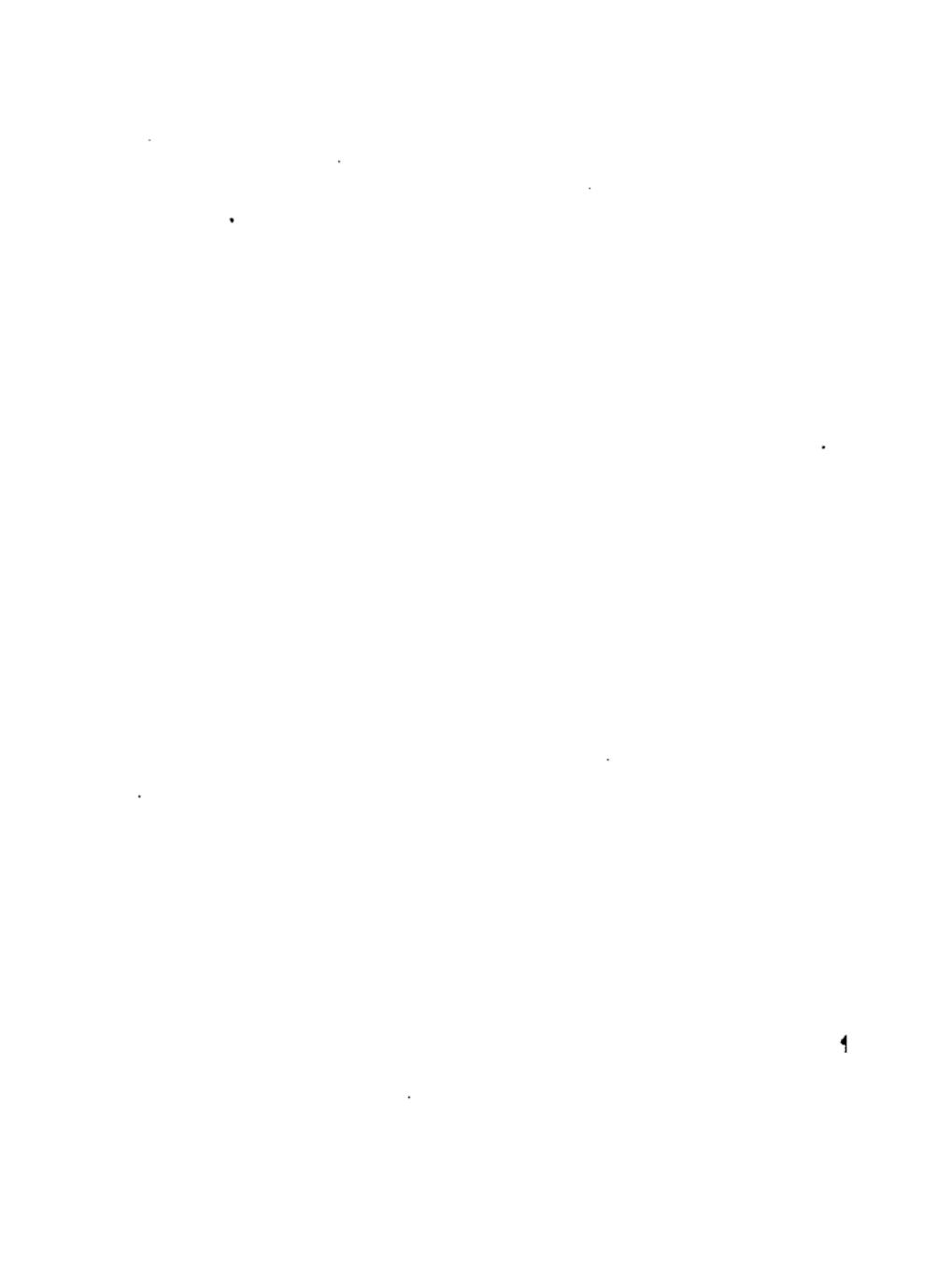
THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS

Oliver Goldsmith's

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER









M.F.W.

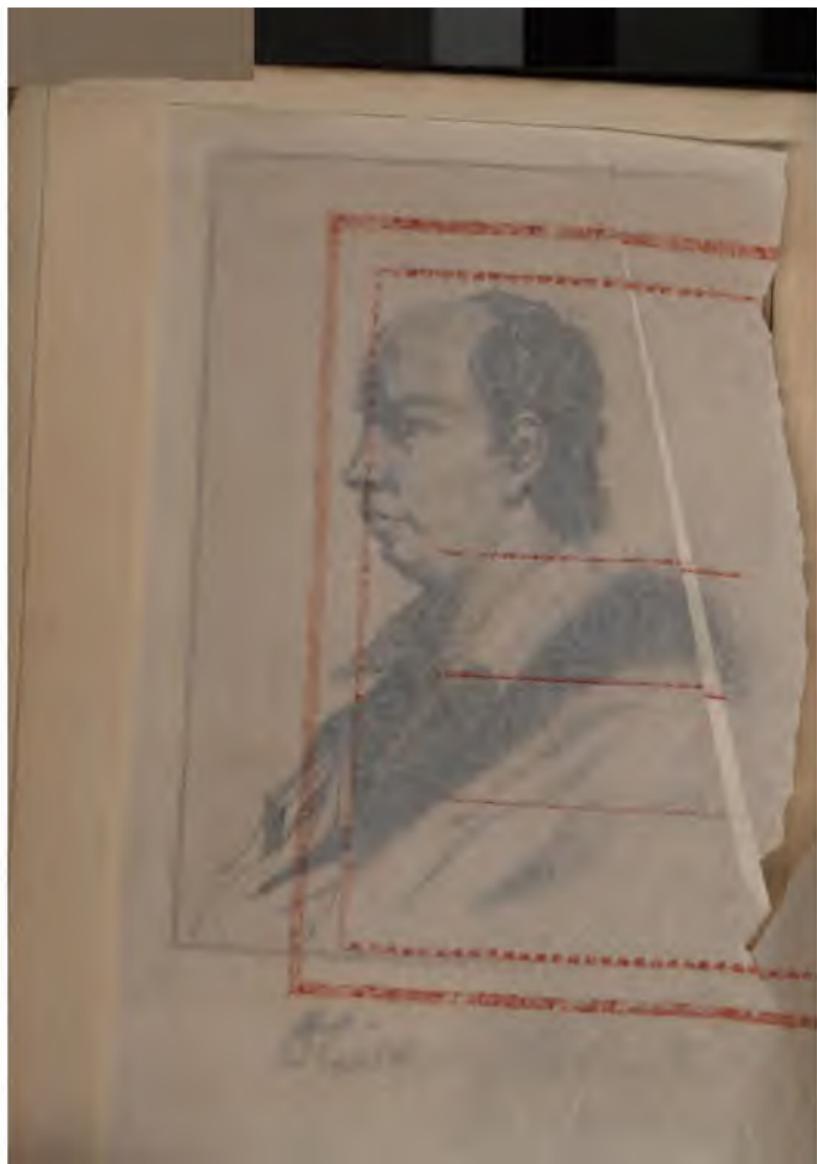
Oliver Goldsmith

THE STOOPS TO
CONQUER
OR
THE MISTAKES OF A
NIGHT

A Comedy written by
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Edited with Preface and Notes by
J. M. DENT

J. M. DENT AND CO.
10 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON
1900



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Preface.

First Edition. *She Stoops to Conquer* was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre on March 15th, 1773—just one year before the author's death on April 4th, 1774. It was published by Newbery a few days after its presentation, with the following title:—

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER | or | THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT | A | COMEDY | As it is acted at the | Theatre Royal | in | Covent Garden | written by | Doctor Goldsmith. | LONDON : | Printed for F. NEWBERY, in St Paul's Church-Yard. | MDCCCLXXIII.

The Play passed through five editions before the close of the year.

Title. Goldsmith had chosen *The Mistakes of a Night* as the chief title for his Play, but it was not satisfactory either to him or to his friends. One suggested *The Old House a New Inn*; Sir Joshua Reynolds stuck firmly to his own title *The Belle's Stratagem*—which, we know, was afterwards adopted for another popular comedy by Mrs Cowley. Goldsmith himself really gave his Play its title after all—quite probably helped, as Forster suggests, by the remembrance of Dryden's line in *The Hind and Panther*, “But kneels to conquer, and but stoops to rise”: and we must confess it to be a most happy and complete summary of the Play.

Source of the Play. There is little doubt that, as in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, *The Traveller*, and other

compositions of his, Goldsmith drew the main incident of this plot from his own experience. The story as derived from Mrs Hodson (Goldsmith's sister) and told by Forster is as follows:—

"A lad of nearly seventeen, he left home for Edgeworthstown, mounted on a borrowed hack which a friend was to restore to Lissoy, and with store of unaccustomed wealth, a guinea, in his pocket. The delicious taste of independence beguiled him to a loitering, lingering, pleasant enjoyment of the journey; and, instead of finding himself under Mr Hughes's roof at nightfall, night fell upon him some two or three miles out of the direct road, in the middle of the streets of Ardagh. But nothing could disconcert the owner of the guinea, who, with a lofty, confident air, inquired of a person passing the way to the town's best house of entertainment. The man addressed was the wag of Ardagh, a humorous fencing-master, Mr Cornelius Kelly, and the schoolboy swagger was irresistible provocation to a jest. Submissively he turned back with horse and rider till they came within a pace or two of the great Squire Featherston's, to which he respectfully pointed as the "Best House" of Ardagh. Oliver rang at the gate, gave his beast in charge with authoritative rigour, and was shown, as a supposed expected guest, into the comfortable parlour of the squire. Those were days when Irish inn-keepers and Irish squires more nearly approximated than now; and Mr Featherston, unlike the excellent but explosive Mr Hardcastle, is said to have seen the mistake and humoured it. Oliver had a supper which gave him so much satisfaction that he ordered a bottle of wine to follow; and the attentive landlord was not only forced to drink with him, but, with a like familiar condescension, the wife and

pretty daughter were invited to the supper-room. Going to bed, he stopped to give special instructions for a hot cake to breakfast ; and it was not till he had dispatched this latter meal, and was looking at his guinea with pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told him by the good-natured squire."

The plot, therefore, though seemingly somewhat far fetched, is really founded upon fact, for we have no reason to doubt the genuineness of Mrs Hodson's narrative.

The Characters. Of only two of the characters in this Comedy has any question of originality been raised—Tony Lumpkin and Marlow ; and it has been suggested more than once that both have been drawn from characters in two of Steele's comedies—Tony Lumpkin from Humphrey Gubbins in *The Tender Husband*, and Marlow from Lord Hardy in *The Funeral*.

With regard to Tony Lumpkin there seems pretty clear evidence that this is the case, for there are many close resemblances and similar incidents used, e.g. the withholding of a fortune of £1500 under the pretence of the heir not being of age in each case, and of the attempt to marry them to wives which both characters reject. Even phrases seem to have been used in their entirety. We can see, however, very little resemblance between Lord Hardy and Marlow, not so much as to lead us to imagine that Goldsmith derived the idea for this character from Steele. We would, however, suggest that the drilling by Sables of the undertaker's men gave our author the scene of Hardcastle and his loutish servants, Act II. Scene i. ; but all these are but shadows or suggestions to Goldsmith's full characterisation, and in no case amount to plagiarism.

The Play. *She Stoops to Conquer* no doubt represents Goldsmith's idea of true comedy, and in this he was supported by Dr Johnson, who said of the Play "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience or answered so much the great end of comedy in making an audience merry." It was written in accordance with Goldsmith's constant protest* against the sickly sentimentality of the stage at that time; and its production, together with Foote's ridicule and parody of the "genteel" and "sentimental" comedy in his puppet show called *The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety is Patten*, and Garrick's abandonment of it, no doubt led to its final overthrow, which was completed by Sheridan in his *School for Scandal* in 1775. Much, however, as we delight in the bright and delicious humour and indeed in the fine humanity of this most charming of comedies, we cannot but feel that surely both Johnson and Goldsmith rated the uses of true comedy too low; for, although merriment and humour should have a great, if not a first place in all true comedy, yet we know that it has other and greater purposes to fulfil than "making an audience merry"—an office which seems to us more that of farce than of true comedy. It, however, is worth remarking that the two plays which gave merely sentimental comedy its death-blow, and which entirely depend for their effect upon the audience, on their characterisation and humour, are the only two which have come down to us from the eighteenth century as full of life upon the stage, and as popular to-day as they were in the author's life-time, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The School for Scandal*.

* See his *Essays on the Theatre* and references in his preface to *The Good-natured Man*, the Epilogue to this Play, and *In Retaliation*, &c., &c.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
OR
THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW	.	.	.	* <i>Mr Gardner.</i>
YOUNG MARLOW (HIS SON)	.	.	.	<i>Mr Lewes.</i>
HARDCastle	.	.	.	<i>Mr Shuter.</i>
HASTINGS	.	.	.	<i>Mr Dubellamy.</i>
TONY LUMPKIN	.	.	.	<i>Mr Quick.</i>
DIGGORY	.	.	.	<i>Mr Saunders.</i>

WOMEN.

MRS HARDCastle	.	.	.	* <i>Mrs Green.</i>
MISS HARDCastle	.	.	.	<i>Mrs Bulley.</i>
MISS NEVILLE	.	.	.	<i>Mrs Kniveton.</i>
MAID	.	.	.	<i>Miss Willems.</i>

Landlords, Servants, &c., &c.

* *The original caste, see note on Prologue.*

TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,—By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.—I am, dear Sir, your most sincere friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

)

She Stoops to Conquer;

Or, The Mistakes of a Night.

Prologue.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

After Mr Woodward, dressed in black, and holding a Handkerchief to his Eyes.

Excuse me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;
I've that within—for which there are no plasters!
Pray would you know the reason why I'm crying?
The Comic muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop;
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head. 10
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Sister and I shall be chief mourners here.

To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
 Who deals in *sentimentals* will succeed !
 Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents,
 We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments* !
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.
 What shall we do ?—If Comedy forsake us !
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us, 20
 But why can't I be moral ?—Let me try—
 My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
 With a sententious look, that nothing means
 (Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes),
 Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,*
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand ;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble. 30

I give it up—morals won't do for me ;
 To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
 One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
 A doctor comes this night to show his skill.
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
 He in *five draughts* prepar'd, presents a potion :
 A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,

If you will *swallow* it, the maid is cur'd.
But desperate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces! 40
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No *poisonous drugs* are mix'd in what he gives;
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college *you*, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him *regular*, or dub him *quack*.

Act First.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

Enter Mrs Hardcastle and Mr Hardcastle.

Mrs Hard. I vow, Mr Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to

last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. 10 In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs Hard. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed ; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master : And all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery. 20

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that's old : old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine ; and, I believe, Dorothy [*taking her hand*], you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs Hard. Lord, Mr Hardcastle, you're for eve at your Dorothys and your old wives. Ye

to Conquer

Act I.

may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see ; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven !

Mrs Hard. It's false, Mr Hardcastle : I was 40 but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr Lumpkin, my first husband ; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *bim* finely !

Mrs Hard. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha ! A mere composition of 50 tricks and mischief !

Mrs Hard. Humour, my dear : nothing but humour. Come, Mr Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond ! If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour,

Mrs Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit hauling her out.*

Hardcastle solus.

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? 110 There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate! Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain. 120

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress, to please you.

Hard. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our

agreement ; and, by-the-bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your 130 meaning.

Lord. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed ! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave ? It's a thousand to one I shan't like 140 him ; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Lord. Depend upon it, child, I 'll never control your choice ; but Mr Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he 's a 150 man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I am sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more [*kissing his hand*], he's mine, I'll have him!

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

ard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It is more than an even wager, he may not have you.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I 'll only break my glass for its flattery. Set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

ard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I 'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster.

[Exit. 190

Miss Hardcastle sola.

Miss Hard. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natur'd; I like all that. But then reserved, and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yea, and can't I—but I vow I 'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Hard. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my 200 dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss Neville. Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the goldfishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been 210 threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover!

Miss Neville. And his name—

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Neville. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr Hastings, *my* admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

220

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Neville. He's a very singular character, I

assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me?

Miss Hard. An odd character, indeed! I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust 230 to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Neville. I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-a-têtes*. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the 240 sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Neville. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that
8

Act I.

I am in love with her son, and she never once
dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I 250
could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville. It is a good-natur'd creature at bottom,
and I 'm sure would wish to see me married to
anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings
for our afternoon's walk through the improve-
ments. *Allons.* Courage is necessary, as our
affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. Would it were bed-time and all were
well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—An Alehouse Room.

*Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco. Tony at
the head of the table, a little higher than the rest : a
mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo !

First Fellow. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song.
The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for
a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I 'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made
upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain, 10
 Gives genus a better discerning,
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians ;
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,
They 're all but a parcel of pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll !

When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I 'll wager the rascals a crown,
 They always preach best with a skinful. 20
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I 'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll !

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here 's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll !

Omnès. Bravo, bravo !

First Fellow. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

Second Fellow. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he
 never gives us nothing that's *low*.

Third Fellow. O damn anything that's *low*, I can-
 not bear it !

Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the genteel
 thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman
 bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master
 Muggins. What, though I am obligated to
 dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for
 all that. May this be my poison if my bear
 ever dances but to the very genteest of tunes.
 Water Parted, or the minuet in Ariadne.

Second Fellow. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not
 come to his own. It would be well for all
 the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'

then show what it was to keep choice of company.

Second Fellow. O, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county. 60

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter ?

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a postchaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle. 70

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] 8
Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

[*Exeunt Mob.*]

Tony solus.

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can!

Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore! 9

Hastings. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

100

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I 'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in ?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came ?

Hastings. No, sir, but if you can inform us.— 110

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came ?

Marlow. That 's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence ; but question for question is all 120 fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this

same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow with an ugly face ; a daughter, and a pretty son ?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolleying, talkative maypole—The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of!

130

Marlow. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful ; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He - he - hem—then gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate !

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the 140 way to Mr Hardcastle's. [*Winking upon the Landlord.*] Mr Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Landlord. Master Hardcastle's ! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong ! When you came to the bottom of

the hill, you should have crossed down
Squash Lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash Lane !

Landlord. Then you were to keep straight forward, 150
until you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet !

Tony. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of
them.

Marlow. O, sir, you 're facetious !

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go
sideways till you come upon Crack - skull
common : there you must look sharp for the
track of the wheel, and go forward, till you
come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to 160
the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right,
and then to the left, and then to the right
about again, till you find out the old mill——

Marlow. Zounds, man ! we could as soon find out
the longitude !

Hastings. What 's to be done, Marlow ?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception,
though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate
us.

Landlord. Alack, master, we have but one spare 170
bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with——three chairs and a bolster?

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

180

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hastings. Oh, oh! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord [apart to *Tony*]. Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out.

[To *them*.] You have only to keep on straight 190 forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for 200 giving you his company, and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace!

Landlord. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but 'a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step 210 myself, and show you a piece of the way. [To the *Landlord.*] Mum.

Landlord. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant —damned mischievous son of a whore. [Exeunt.]

Act Second.

SCENE.—*An old-fashioned House.*

Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnès. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnès. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his

hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but 20
that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned
to hold my hands this way, when I was upon
drill for the militia. And so being upon
drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You
must be all attention to the guests. You must
hear us talk, and not think of talking; you
must see us drink, and not think of drinking;
you must see us eat, and not think of eating. 30

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's parfactly
unpossible. (Whenever Diggory sees yeating
going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a
mouthful himself.)

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen
as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your
stomach with that reflection.

Diggory. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a
shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold
beef in the pantry. 40

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I
happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story
at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing,
as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room : I can't help laughing at that—he ! he ! he !—for the soul of me ! We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha ! ha ! ha !

Hard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave ? A glass of wine, sir, if you please [*to Diggory*]—Eh, why don't you move ? 50

Diggory. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move ?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Diggory. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls ! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O, you dunces ! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard ? To your 60

posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the meantime 70
and give my old friend's son a hearty reception
at the gate. ! [Exit Hardcastle.

Diggory. By the 'elevens, my pleasure is gone quite
out of my head.

Roger. I know that my pleasure is to be everywhere!

First Servant. Where the devil is mine?

Second Servant. My pleasure is to be nowhere at all;
and so I'ze go about my business!

[*Exit Servants, running about as
if frightened, different ways.*

*Enter Servant with Candles, showing in
Marlow and Hastings.*

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This
way.

80

Hastings. After the disappointments of the day,
welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts
of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my
word, a very well-looking house; antique but
creditable.

Marlow. The usual fate of a large mansion. Hav-
ing first ruined the master by good house-
keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions
as an inn.

Act II.

Hastings. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed 90
to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a
good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece,
though not actually put in the bill, inflame a
reckoning confoundedly.

Marlow. Travellers, George, must pay in all places.
The only difference is, that in good inns, you
pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns, you are
fleeced and starved.

Hastings. You have lived pretty much among them.
In truth, I have been often surprised, that you 100
who have seen so much of the world, with
your natural good sense, and your many oppor-
tunities, could never yet acquire a requisite
share of assurance.

Marlow. The Englishman's malady. But tell me,
George, where could I have learned that
assurance you talk of? My life has been
chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclu-
sion from that lovely part of the creation that
chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know ;
that I was ever familiarly acquainted with
a single modest woman—except my mother
—But among females of another class, you
know—

Hastings. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience!

Marlow. They are of us, you know.

Hastings. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you 120 wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marlow. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit 130 impudence.

Hastings. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Marlow. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest

woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hastings. Ha ! ha ! ha ! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry !

Marlow. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question of, *madam, will you marry me ?* No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you !

Hastings. I pity you. But how do you intend being having to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marlow. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hastings. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marlow. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my

chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hastings. My dear Marlow ! But I 'll suppress 170 the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marlow. Happy man ! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I 'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my 180 address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's apprentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw ! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow ? Sir,

you're heartily welcome. It's not my way,
you see, to receive my friends with my back
to the fire. I like to give them a hearty 190
reception in the old style at my gate. I like
to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow [aside]. He has got our names from the
servants already. [To him.] We approve your
caution and hospitality, sir. [To Hastings.]
I have been thinking, George, of changing our
travelling dresses in the morning. I am
grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr Marlow, you'll use no ceremony
in this house.

200

Hastings. I fancy, George, you're right : the first
blow is half the battle. I intend opening the
campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—
pray be under no constraint in this house. This
is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just
as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign
too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition
before it is over. I think to reserve the em-
broidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts

me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marlow. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hastings. I think not: brown and yellow mix but 220 very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marlow. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard 230 of George Brooks; "I'll pawn my Dukedom," say he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood!" So—

Marlow. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—[*Aside.*] This is the most

unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with !

Marlow. Yes, sir, punch ! A glass of warm punch, 240 after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

Hard. Here's cup, sir.

Marlow [aside]. So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. [taking the cup]. I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir ? Here, Mr Marlow, here is our better 250 acquaintance ! [Drinks.]

Marlow [aside]. A very impudent fellow this ! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little.

Sir, my service to you. [Drinks.]

Hastings [aside]. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, 260 now and then, at elections, I suppose ?

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over.

Since our betters have hit upon the expedient
of electing each other, there's no business *for*
us that sell ale. *He's on,*

Hastings. So, then you have no turn for politics, I
find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed,
I fretted myself about the mistakes of govern-
ment, like other people; but, finding myself 270
every day grow more angry, and the govern-
ment growing no better, I left it to mend itself.
Since that, I no more trouble my head about
Heyder Ally, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally*
Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hastings. So that, with eating above stairs, and
drinking below, with receiving your friends
within, and amusing them without, you lead a
good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. 280
Half the differences of the parish are adjusted
in this very parlour.

Marlow [*After drinking*]. And you have an argu-
ment in your cup, old gentleman, better than
any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little
philosophy.

Marlow [aside]. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hastings. So then, like an experienced general, you 290 attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe 300 it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir!—[*Aside.*] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marlow. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. [aside]. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To him.*] Why, really, sir, as 310 for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook maid, settle these things between

them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marlow. You do, do you ?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what 's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marlow. Then I beg they 'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It 's a way I have got. 320 When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O, no, sir, none in the least ; yet, I don 't know how : our Bridget, the cook maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hastings. Let 's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite 330 to my bill of fare.

Marlow [To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise]. Sir, he 's very right, and it 's my way, too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it 's drawn out.

Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till 340 he had eaten it.

Hastings [aside]. All upon the high ropes ! His uncle a colonel ! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let 's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow [Perusing]. What 's here ? For the first course ; for the second course ; for the desert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper ? 350 Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But let 's hear it.

Marlow [Reading]. For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hastings. Damn your pig, I say !

Marlow. And damn your pruin sauce, say I !

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Marlow. At the bottom, a calf 's tongue and brains. 360

Hastings. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir ; I don 't like them.

Marlow. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves, I do.

Hard. [aside]. Their impudence confounds me.

[To them.] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and 370 sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hastings. Confound your made dishes, I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at a French ambassador's table, I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Marlow. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so 380 exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you

must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourelf easy 390 on that head.

Marlow. You see I'm resolved on it.—[*Aside.*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you.—[*Aside.*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*

Hastings solus.

Hastings. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at 400 those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see! Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Neville. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune? to what accident am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hastings. Rather let me ask the same question, as

I could never have hoped to meet my dearest
Constance at an inn.

Miss Neville. An Inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, 410
my guardian, lives here. What could induce
you to think this house an inn?

Hastings. My friend, Mr Marlow, with whom I
came down, and I, have been sent here as to an
inn, I assure you. A young fellow whom we
accidentally met at a house hard by directed us
thither.

Miss Neville. Certainly it must be one of my hope-
ful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me
talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha!

420

Hastings. He whom your aunt intends for you?
He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Neville. You have nothing to fear from him,
I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew
how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows
it too, and has undertaken to court me for him,
and actually begins to think she has made a
conquest.

Hastings. Thou dear dissembler! You must know,
my Constance, I have just seized this happy 430
opportunity of my friend's visit here to get
admittance into the family. The horses that

carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they 'll soon be refreshed ; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Neville. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little 44c fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I 'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hastings. Perish the baubles ! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow 4 must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Neville. But how shall we keep him in the deception ? Miss Hardcastle is just returned

from walking ; what if we still continue to
deceive him ?—This, this way—— [They confer.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. The assiduities of these good people tease 460
me beyond bearing. My host seems to think
it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps
not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on
my back. They talk of coming to sup with us,
too ; and then, I suppose, we are to run the
gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—
What have we got here ?—

Hastings. My dear Charles ! Let me congratulate
you !—The most fortunate accident !—Who do
you think is just alighted ?

470

Marlow. Cannot guess.

Hastings. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and
Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce
Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance.
Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they
called, on their return to take fresh horses,
here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the
next room, and will be back in an instant.
Wasn't it lucky ? eh !

Marlow [aside]. I have just been mortified enough 480

of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marlow. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more 490 respectful—To-morrow let it be.

[Offering to go.]

Miss Neville. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! 500 I'll take courage. Hem!

Hastings. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter !

*Enter Miss Hardcastle, as returned from walking,
a Bonnet, &c.*

Hastings [introducing them]. Miss Hardcastle, Mr Marlow, I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

510

Miss Hard. [Aside.] Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.] I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir——I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

520

Hastings [To him]. You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can

d

49

find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow [*Gathering courage*]. I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very 530 little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings [*To him*]. Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

Marlow [*To him*]. Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life, were, 540 I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marlow. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings [*To him*]. Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview. 550

Marlow. Not in the least, Mr Hastings. We like

your company of all things. [To him.] Zounds! George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

Hastings. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. [To him.] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own. [Exeunt.

Miss Hard. [After a pause.] But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir. The 560 ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow [Relapsing into timidity]. Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that some say is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome. 570

Miss Hard. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself: I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish for—um-a-um.

Miss Hard. I understand you, sir. There must 580 be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss Hard. [aside.] Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions. [To him.] You were going to observe, sir—

Marlow. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe. 590

Miss Hard. [aside.] I vow and so do I. [To him.] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marlow. Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy, there are few who upon strict enquiry do not
—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marlow [aside]. Egad! and that's more than I do myself!

Miss Hard. You mean that in this hypocritical age 600 there are few that do not condemn in public

what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms.
But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was saying—that there 610 are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely, a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow. Yea, madam. Morally speaking, madam —But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the 620 world.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss Hard. Well then, I 'll follow.

Marlow [aside]. This pretty smooth dialogue has
done for me. [*Exit.*]

Miss Hardcastle sola.

Miss Hard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was there ever such 630
a sober sentimental interview ? I 'm certain he
scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet
the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashful-
ness, is pretty well, too. He has good sense,
but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues
one more than ignorance. If I could teach him
a little confidence, it would be doing somebody
that I know of a piece of service. But who is
that somebody ?—that, faith, is a question I can
scarce answer. [*Exit.* 640]

*Enter Tony and Miss Neville, followed by Mrs
Hardcastle and Hastings.*

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con ? I
wonder you 're not ashamed to be so very
engaging.

Miss Neville. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one 's
own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you

want to make me, though ; but it won't do.
I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg
you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer
relationship.

650

[She follows coquettling him to the back scene.]

Mrs Hard. Well ! I vow, Mr Hastings, you are
very entertaining. There's nothing in the
world I love to talk of so much as London,
and the fashions, though I was never there
myself.

Hastings. Never there ! You amaze me ! From
your air and manner, I concluded you had been
bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St James's
or Tower Wharf.

Mrs Hard. O ! sir, you're only pleased to say so. 660
We country persons can have no manner at all.
I'm in love with the town, and that serves to
raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics ;
but who can have a manner, that has never seen
the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough,
and such places where the nobility chiefly re-
sort ? All I can do is to enjoy London at
second-hand. I take care to know every
tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and
have all the fashions as they come out, in a 670

letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr Hastings?

Hastings. Extremely elegant and *dagagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs Hard. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

Hastings. Indeed. Such a head in a side-box, at 680 the Play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a City Ball.

Mrs Hard. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

Hastings. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress! [Bowing.]

Mrs Hard. Yet, what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as 690 Mr Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hastings. You are right, madam ; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs Hard. But what do you think his answer was ?

Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said 700 I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing !

Hastings. Intolerable ! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs Hard. Pray, Mr Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town ?

Hastings. Some time ago forty was all the mode ; but I 'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs Hard. Seriously. Then I shall be too young 710 for the fashion !

Hastings. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she 's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs Hard. And yet Mrs Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

Hastings. Your niece, is she ? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume ? 720

Mrs Hard. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [To them.] Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so! Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

730

Mrs Hard. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Neville. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded——crack.

Mrs Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you.

[Measuring.]

Miss Neville. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs Hard. O, the monster ! For shame, Tony.
You a man, and behave so !

Tony. If I 'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod !
I 'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I 'm to
get for the pains I have taken in your educa- 750
tion ? I that have rocked you in your cradle,
and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon ! Did
not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel ?
Did not I prescribe for you every day, and
weep while the receipt was operating ?

Tony. Ecod ! you had reason to weep, for you have
been dosing me ever since I was born. I have
gone through every receipt in the complete
housewife ten times over ; and you have
thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next 760
spring. But, ecod ! I tell you, I 'll not be
made a fool of no longer.

Mrs Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper ?
Wasn't it all for your good ?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone,
then. Snubbing this way when I 'm in spirits.
If I 'm to have any good, let it come of
itself ; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into
one so.

Mrs Hard. That's false; I never see you when 770
you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to
the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be de-
lighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeel-
ing monster!

Tony. Ecod! Mamma, your own notes are the
wildest of the two.

Mrs Hard. Was ever the like? But I see he wants
to break my heart, I see he does.

Hastings. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the
young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can 780
persuade him to his duty.

Mrs Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Con-
stance, my love. You see, Mr Hastings, the
wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor
woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty,
provoking, undutiful boy.

[*Excunt Mrs Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*

Hastings. Tony.

Tony [singing]. *There was a young man riding by,*
and fain would have his will. Rang do didle
aee. Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the
comfort of her heart. I have seen her and 79

sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said, they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hastings. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hastings. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer! And yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well 800 as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom!

Hastings [aside]. Pretty encouragement, this, for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hastings. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with 810 her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hastings. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hastings. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. — Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox ! She's all a made up thing, mun.

Ah ! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these 820 parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hastings. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands ?

Tony. Anon.

Hastings. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy ?

830

Tony. Ay ; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her ?

Hastings. I am he. If you but assist me, I 'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you ! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I 'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin besides, *in jewels, that you little dream of.*

840

Conqueror

Act III.

'astings. My dear 'Squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

my. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

[*Singing.*

We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

Act Third.

Enter Hardcastle solus.

'ard. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

10

Act III.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, plainly dressed.

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description !

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life ! He has quite confounded all my faculties !

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it : And a man of the world, too !

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure, you mistake, papa! a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look,—that awkward address,—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner? child!

Miss Hard. Mr Marlow's: his *mauvaise bonte*, his timidity struck me at the first sight. 40

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses!

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw anyone so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground. 50

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being

tiresome ; then left the room with a bow,
and, madam, I would not for the world detain 60
you.

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun, and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch !

70

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming ; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

80

Hard. If we should find him so——But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face 90 stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries? 100

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tony running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are.
My Cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all.

My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of
their fortin neither. O ! my genus, is that you ?

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. My dear friend, how have you managed
with your mother ? I hope you have amused
her with pretending love for your cousin, and 11
that you are willing to be reconciled at last ?
Our horses will be refreshed in a short time,
and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges
by the way. [*Giving the casket.*] Your sweet-
heart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I
say, that would rob you of one of them !

Hastings. But how have you procured them from
your mother ?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no 12
fibbs. I procured them by the rule of thumb.
If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's
bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often
as I do ? An honest man may rob himself of
his own at any time.

Hastings. Thousands do it every day. But to be
plain with you ; Miss Neville is endeavouring
to procure them from her aunt this very instant.

If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way
at least of obtaining them.

130

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will
be. But I know how it will be well enough,
she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth
in her head !

Hastings. But I dread the effects of her resentment,
when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to
manage that. I don't value her resentment the
bounce of a cracker. Zounds ! here they are !
Morrice, Prance !

[Exit Hastings.] 140

Tony, Mrs Hardcastle, Miss Neville.

Mrs Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me.
Such a girl as you want jewels ? It will be
time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years
hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Neville. But what will repair beauty at forty,
will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none.
That natural blush is beyond a thousand orna-
ments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at
present. Don't you see half the ladies of our 150
acquaintance, my lady Kill-daylight, and Mrs

Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Neville. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, 16c my dear, does your cousin Con. want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Neville. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I 17c know to the contrary.

Tony [apart to Mrs Hard.]. Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs Hard. [apart to *Tony*]. You know, my dear,
I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say
they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you?
He! he! he!

180

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them
taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Neville. I desire them but for a day, madam.
Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and
then they may be locked up again.

Mrs Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Con-
stance, if I could find them, you should have
them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost,
for aught I know; but we must have patience
wherever they are.

190

Miss Neville. I'll not believe it; this is but a
shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're
too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you
are to answer for the loss.

Mrs Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they
be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my
son knows they are missing, and not to be
found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are
missing, and not to be found, I'll take my 200
oath on't!

Mrs Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear ;
for though we lose our fortune, yet we should
not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am !

Miss Neville. Ay, people are generally calm at the
misfortunes of others.

Mrs Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good
sense should waste a thought upon such
trumpery. We shall soon find them ; and,
in the meantime, you shall make use of my 210
garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Neville. I detest garnets !

Mrs Hard. The most becoming things in the world
to set off a clear complexion. You have often
seen how well they look upon me. You *shall*
have them. [Exit.

Miss Neville. I dislike them of all things. You
shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking
to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear
her trumpery.

220

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the
garnets, take what you can get. The jewels
are your own already. I have stolen them
out of her bureau, and she does not know it.
Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the
matter. Leave me to manage *her*.

Miss Neville. My dear cousin !

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds ! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel !

230

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs Hard. Confusion ! thieves ! robbers ! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone !

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma ? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family !

Mrs Hard. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone !

Tony. Oh ! is that all ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. 240 Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha, ha, ha !

Mrs Hard. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that ; ha, ha, ha ! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know, call me to bear witness.

Mrs Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they 're gone, and I am to say so. 250

Mrs Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me.

They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to
laugh, ha ! ha ! I know who took them well
enough, ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that
can't tell the difference between jest and
earnest. I tell you I 'm not in jest, booby !

Tony. That 's right, that 's right : You must be in
a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect 260
either of us. I 'll bear witness that they are
gone.

Mrs Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained
brute, that won't hear me ! Can you bear
witness that you 're no better than a fool ?
Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on
one hand, and thieves on the other ?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead,
you, and I 'll turn you out of the room 270
directly. My poor niece, what will become
of her ? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute,
as if you enjoyed my distress ?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll
teach you to vex your mother, I will!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*

Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that
brother of mine, to send them to the house as an
inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence. 280

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentle-
man as you passed by in your present dress,
asked me if you were the barmaid? He mis-
took you for the barmaid, madam!

Miss Hard. Did he? Then as I live I'm resolved
to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple,
how do you like my present dress? Don't
you think I look something like Cherry in the
Beaux' Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears 290
in the country, but when she visits or receives
company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember
my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it!

Miss Hard. I vow, I thought so; for though we

spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

300

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance examine 310 the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But you are sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour!

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here.

320

[*Exit Maid.*

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. What a bawling in every part of the house ; I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsey down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [Walks and muses.]

Miss Hard. Did you call, sir ? did your honour call ?

Marlow [musing]. As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

330

Miss Hard. Did your honour call ?

[She still places herself before him, he turning away.]

Marlow. No, child ! [Musing.] Besides from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow. No, no ! [Musing.] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[Taking out his tablets, and perusing.]

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir ?

Marlow. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We 340 have such a parcel of servants.

Marlow. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

Miss Hard. O la, sir, you 'll make one ashamed.

Marlow. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye.

Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

350

Miss Hard. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too!

Miss Hard. Nectar! nectar! that 's a liquor there 's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marlow. Of true English growth, I assure you. 360

Miss Hard. Then it 's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born.

How old are you?

Miss Hard. O! sir, I must not tell my age. They
say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow. To guess at this distance, you can't be
much above forty. [*Approaching.*] Yet nearer 370
I don't think so much. [*Approaching.*] By
coming close to some women they look younger
still; but when we come very close indeed
[*attempting to kiss her.*].

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One
would think you wanted to know one's age as
they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill.
If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible
you and I can ever be acquainted? 380

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with
you? I want no such acquaintance, not I.
I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle
that was here awhile ago in this obstropolous
manner. I'll warrant me, before her you
looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground,
and talked, for all the world, as if you was
before a justice of peace.

Marlow [*aside*]. Egad! she has hit it, sure enough.

[*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! 390
ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing, no,

Act III.

—

no ! I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little ; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me !

Miss Hard. O ! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies ?

Marlow. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm 400 called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr Solomons, my dear, at your service. [Offering to salute her.]

Miss Hard. Hold, sir ; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there you say ?

Marlow. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin and 410 your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hard. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Marlow. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle, ha ! ha ! ha !

Marlow [aside]. Egad ! I don't quite like this chit.

She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh,
child !

420

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh to think what time
they all have for minding their work or their
family.

Marlow [aside]. All 's well, she don't laugh at me.

[To her.] Do you ever work, child ?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. There 's not a screen or a
quilt in the whole house but what can bear
witness to that.

Marlow. Odso ! Then you must show me your
embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns 430
myself a little. If you want a judge of your
work you must apply to me.

[Seizing her band.

Miss Hard. Ay, but the colours don't look well by
candle light. You shall see all in the morning.

[Struggling.

Marlow. And why not now, my angel ? Such
beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—
Pshaw ! the father here ! My old luck : I
never nicked seven that I did not throw ame-
ace three times following. [Exit Marlow.

Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.

Hard. So, madam! So I find *this* is your modest 440
lover. This is your humble admirer that kept
his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored
at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not
ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still
the modest man I first took him for, you'll be
convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his
impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize
your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about 450
like a milkmaid? and now you talk of his
respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his
modesty, that he has only the faults that will
pass off with time, and the virtues that will
improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad!
I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am con-
vinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the
house, and he has already encroached on all my 460
prerogatives. You may like his impudence,
and call it modesty But my son-in-law,

madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I 'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me ?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride ; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination.

Exeunt.

470

Act Fourth.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hastings. You surprise me ! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night ? Where have you had your information ?

Miss Neville. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr Hardcastle, in which he tells

him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hastings. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family. 10

Miss Neville. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hastings. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [Exit. 20]

Miss Neville. Well! success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [Exit.

Enter Marlow, followed by a Servant.

Marlow. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an Inn-door. *Have you deposited the casket with the land-*

lady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into
her own hands?

30

Servant. Yes, your honour.

Marlow. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Servant. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough;
she asked me how I came by it? and she said
she had a great mind to make me give an
account of myself.

[*Exit Servant*

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however.

What an unaccountable set of beings have we
got amongst! This little barmaid though runs
in my head most strangely, and drives out the
absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's
mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly
mistaken.

40

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that
I intended to prepare at the bottom of the
garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marlow. Give me joy, George! Crown me,
shadow me with laurels! Well, George,
after all, we modest fellows don't want for
success among the women.

50

Hastings. Some women, you mean. But what suc-

Act IV.

cess has your honour's modesty been crowned
with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marlow. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely
little thing that runs about the house with a
bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hastings. Well! and what then?

Marlow. She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire,
such motion, such eyes, such lips—but egad!
she would not let me kiss them though.

60

Hastings. But are you sure, so very sure of her?

Marlow. Why, man, she talked of showing me her
work above-stairs, and I am to improve the
pattern.

Hastings. But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob
a woman of her honour?

Marlow. Pshaw! pshaw! we all know the honour
of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to
rob her, take my word for it, there's nothing in
this house I shan't honestly pay for!

7

Hastings. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marlow. And if she has, I should be the last man
in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hastings. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket
I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marlow. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have

taken care of it. But how could you think
the seat of a post-coach at an Inn-door a place
of safety? Ah! numbskull! I have taken
better precautions for you than you did for 80
yourself.—I have—

Hastings. What?

Marlow. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for
you.

Hastings. To the landlady!

Marlow. The landlady.

Hastings. You did!

Marlow. I did. She's to be answerable for its
forth-coming, you know.

Hastings. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness. 90

Marlow. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow
that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

Hastings [aside]. He must not see my uneasiness.

Marlow. You seem a little disconcerted, though, me-
thinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hastings. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits
in all my life. And so you left it with the land-
lady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the
charge?

Marlow. Rather too readily. For she not only 100
kept the casket, but, through her great pre-

caution, was going to keep the messenger too.

Ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

Marlow. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hastings [aside]. So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. [To him.] Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid, and, he. he! he! may you be as successful for yourself 110 as you have been for me. [Exit.]

Marlow. Thank ye, George! I ask no more.

Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [To him.] Mr Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [Bowing low.]

Marlow. Sir, your humble servant. [Aside.] 12c What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their 130 manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought *tthey* are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar, I did, I assure you. [To the side scene.] Here, let one of my servants come up. [To him.] My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below. 140

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do ! I 'm satisfied !

Marlow. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

Marlow. You, Jeremy ! Come forward, sirrah ! What were my orders ? Were you not told to

drink freely, and call for what you thought fit,
for the good of the house?

Hard. [aside]. I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street
for ever! Though I 'm but a servant, I 'm as
good as another man. I 'll drink for no man
before supper, sir, dammy! Good liquor will
sit upon a good supper, but a good supper
will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my con-
science, sir.

Marlow. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as
drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know
what you 'd have more, unless you 'd have the
poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He 'll drive me distracted if I
contain myself any longer. Mr Marlow. Sir;
I have submitted to your insolence for more
than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its
coming to an end. I 'm now resolved to be
master here, sir, and I desire that you and
your drunken pack may leave my house
directly.

Marlow. Leave your house!—Sure, you jest, my
good friend! What, when I 'm doing what I
can to please you!

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow. Sure, you cannot be serious! At this time of night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me!

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

180

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone.*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before!

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To come to my house, to call for what he likes, 190 to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me *This house is mine, sir.* By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir, [*Bantering*], as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the

Act IV.

furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

200

Marlow. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Marlow. My bill, I say.

210

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

[*Exit.* 2]

Marlow. How's this! Sure, I have not mistaken

the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry "coming." The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry.

—[*Aside.*] I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marlow. Pray, child, answer me one question. 230

What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marlow. What? A poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marlow. That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! O law!—What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the 240 county keep an inn! Ha, ha, ha, old Mr Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marlow. Mr Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marlow. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mis- 250 take this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid!

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marlow. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was 260 in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—this house I no more show *my* face in!

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite,

and said so many civil things to me. I 'm sure 270
I should be sorry [*Pretending to cry.*] if he left
the family upon my account. I 'm sure I should
be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have
no fortune but my character.

Marlow [*aside*]. By heaven, she weeps. This is
the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a
modest woman, and it touches me. [*To her.*]
Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only
part of the family I leave with reluctance. But
to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, 280
fortune and education, make an honourable
connexion impossible; and I can never harbour
a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in
my honour, or bringing ruin upon one whose
only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. [*aside*]. Generous man! I now begin
to admire him. [*To him.*] But I 'm sure my
family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's, and
though I 'm poor, that 's no great misfortune
to a contented mind, and, until this moment, 290
I never thought that it was bad to want for-
tune.

Marlow. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a distance from

one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Marlow. [aside]. This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. [To her.] Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me 300 most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me! Farewell!

[Exit.]

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of 310 his resolution.

[Exit.]

Enter Tony, Miss Neville.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Neville. But, my dear cousin, sure, you won't

forsake us in this distress. If she in the least
suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be
locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which
is ten times worse.

320

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad
things. But what can I do? I have got you
a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket,
and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted
you nicely before her face. Here she comes,
we must court a bit or two more, for fear she
should suspect us. [They retire, and seem to fondle.]

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure.
But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the
servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they 330
are fairly married, and then let her keep her
own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling
together, as I'm alive! I never saw Tony so
sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my
pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen
glances, and broken murmurs! Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little
now and then, to be sure. But there's no love
lost between us.

Act IV.

Mrs Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the 340
flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Neville. Cousin Tony promises to give us
more of his company at home. Indeed, he
shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us,
cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O ! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner
leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when
you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you
so becoming.

Miss Neville. Agreeable cousin ! Who can help 350
admiring that natural humour, that pleasant,
broad, red, thoughtless, [Patting his cheek.] ah!
it's a bold face.

Mrs Hard. Pretty innocence !

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazle
eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists
this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a
parcel of bobbins.

Mrs Hard. Ah, he would charm the bird from the
tree. I was never so happy before. My boy 36
takes after his father, poor Mr Lumpkin,
exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be
yours incontinently. You shall have them.
Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear ? You shall be

married to-morrow, and we 'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter Diggory.

Diggory. Where 's the 'Squire ? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my 370 letters first.

Diggory. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from ?

Diggory. Your worship mun ask that of the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though. [Turning the letter, and gazing on it.]

Miss Neville [aside]. Undone, undone ! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If 380 my aunt sees it we are ruined for ever. I 'll keep her employed a little if I can. [To Mrs Hardcastle.] But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr Marlow. We so laughed—you must know, madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. [They confer.]

Tony. [*Still gazing*]. A damned cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here 3 there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail.

To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire. It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher !

Miss Neville. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony [*Still gazing*]. A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. [Reading.]

Dear Sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an 4 *M*, and a *T*, and an *S*, but whether the next be an *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell !

Mrs Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Neville. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. [Twitching the letter from her.] Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

420

Miss Neville. Ay, so it is. [Pretending to read.] Dear 'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds —um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um, here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up.

[Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world! I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea! Here, mother, do you make it out? Of no consequence!

[Giving Mrs Hardcastle the letter.

Mrs Hard. How's this! [Reads.] Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden,

but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you 'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay, the hag) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings. 4
Grant me patience. I shall run distracted !
My rage chokes me.

Miss Neville. I hope, madam, you 'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs Hard. [Curtseying very low.] Fine spoken, madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. [Changing her 4 tone.] And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too joined against me ? But I 'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I 'll warrant 4

me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [Exit.]

Miss Neville. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Neville. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him.

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe. 470

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss there who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. So I have been finely used here among 480 you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Neville. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marlow. What can I say to him? a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hastings. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

490

Miss Neville. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hastings. An insensible cub.

Marlow. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other,—with baskets.

Marlow. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

500

Hastings. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations?

It is not friendly, Mr Marlow.

Marlow. But, sir—

Miss Neville. Mr Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My mistress desires you 'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We 510 are to go thirty miles before morning.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Miss Neville. Well, well; I 'll come presently.

Marlow [To Hastings]. Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hastings. Was it well done, sir, if you 're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

520

Miss Neville. Mr Hastings. Mr Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you—

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Neville. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension!

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Neville. O, Mr Marlow! if you knew what 5 a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marlow. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hastings. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Neville. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

Mrs Hard. [Within.] Miss Neville. Constance, why, Constance, I say.

Miss Neville. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [E,

Hastings. My heart! How can I support this? 5

to Conquer

Act IV.

To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Marlow [To Tony]. You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony [From a reverie]. Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; 560 and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain! Come along. My boots, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]



Act Fifth.

SCENE.—*Continues.*

Enter Hastings and Servant.

Hastings. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Servant. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hastings. Then all my hopes are over.

Servant. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hastings. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Charles and Hardcastle.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an 20
uncommon innkeeper, ha ! ha ! ha !

Hard. Well, I 'm in too good spirits to think
of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend,
this union of our families will make our per-
sonal friendships hereditary : and though my
daughter's fortune is but small——

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune
to me ? My son is possessed of more than a
competence already, and can want nothing but
a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness 30
and increase it. If they like each other, as
you say they do——

Hard. If, man ! I tell you they do like each
other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves,
you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest
manner myself ; and here he comes to put you
out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for 40
my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on
my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely.

An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marlow. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Marlow. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Marlow. Sure, sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of the family.

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marlow. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it. 70

Marlow. May I die, sir, if I ever——

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her——

Marlow. Dear sir—I protest, sir——

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marlow. But hear me, sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—— 80

Marlow. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. [aside]. This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations!

Marlow. As heaven is my witness, I came down

in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you 'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [Exit.]

Sir Charles. I 'm astonished at the air of sincerity 100 with which he parted.

Hard. And I 'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve ; has Mr Marlow made you any professions of love and affection? 110

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir ! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. [To *Sir Charles.*] You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview ?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. [To *Sir Charles.*] You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

120

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hard. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy 130 speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half-an-hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him 140 declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [Exe]

Miss Hard. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [Exeu

SCENE.—*Changes to the back of the Garden.*

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, booted and spattered.

Hastings. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hastings. But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such 20 varmint.

Hastings. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hastings. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hastings. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hastings. Ha, ha, ha, I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again?

30

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-Bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-Tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hastings. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hastings. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'Squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hastings. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [Exit Hastings.]

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

70

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

80

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs Hard. O lud ! O lud ! the most notorious spot
in all the country. We only want a robbery to
make a complete night on 't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two
of the five that kept here are hanged, and the
other three may not find us. Don't be afraid.
Is that a man that's galloping behind us ? No ;
it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving
behind the thicket ?

Mrs Hard. O death !

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid,
mamma, don't be afraid.

Mrs Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming
towards us. Ah ! I'm sure on 't. If he per-
ceives us, we are undone.

Tony [aside]. Father-in-law, by all that's un-
lucky, come to take one of his night walks.
[To her.] Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols
as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking
fellow.

Mrs Hard. Good heaven defend us ! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and
leave me to manage him. If there be any

danger I 'll cough and cry hem. When I
cough be sure to keep close. [*Mrs Hardcastle
bides behind a tree in the back scene.*]

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I 'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in
want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did
not expect you so soon back. Are your mother
and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs Hard. [From behind.] Ah! I find there 's
danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that 's too 120
much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short
journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs Hard. [From behind.] Sure he 'll do the dear
boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to
know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was
saying that forty miles in four hours was very
good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. 130
Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out
in the air. We 'll go in if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved [*Raising his voice.*] to find the other out.

Mrs Hard. [*From behind.*] Oh ! he 's coming to find me out. Oh !

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you ? Hem. I 'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—
I 'll tell you all, sir. [*Detaining him.*]

Hard. I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It 's in vain to expect I 'll believe you.

Mrs Hard. [*Running forward from behind.*] O lud, he 'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife ! as I 'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean ?

Mrs Hard. [*Kneeling.*] Take compassion on us, good Mr Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses.

What, Dorothy, don't you know *me*?

Mrs Hard. Mr Hardcastle, as I 'm alive! My fears 160
blinded me. But who, my dear, could have
expected to meet you here, in this frightful
place, so far from home. What has brought
you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits!

So far from home, when you are within forty
yards of your own door! [To *bim.*] This is
one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue,
you! [To *her.*] Don't you know the gate,
and the mulberry-tree; and don't you re- 170
member the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as
long as I live; I have caught my death in it.
[To *Tony.*] And is it to^w you, you graceless
varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse
your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have
spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on 't.

Mrs Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

[Follows him off the stage. Exit.

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. 180
[Exit.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hastings. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Neville. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

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Hastings. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Neville. No, Mr Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr 200 Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hastings. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Neville. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hastings. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [Exit.]

SCENE.—*Changes.*

Enter Sir Charles and Miss Hardcastle.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in ! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation ; and, to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I 'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [Exit Sir Charles.] 10

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave, nor did I, till this

moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hard. [In her own natural manner.] I believe sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you think proper to regret.

Marlow [aside]. This girl every moment improves upon me. [To her.] It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

20

Miss Hard. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my
Kate covers him with confusion at last. 40

Marlow. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my
smallest consideration. Your beauty at first
caught my eye ; for who could see that without
emotion ? But every moment that I converse
with you, steals in some new grace, heightens
the picture, and gives it stronger expression.
What at first seemed rustic plainness, now
appears refined simplicity. What seemed for-
ward assurance, now strikes me as the result
of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue. 50

Sir Charles. What can it mean ? He amazes me !

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush !

Marlow. I am now determined to stay, madam,
and I have too good an opinion of my father's
discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his
approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr Marlow, I will not, cannot
detain you. Do you think I could suffer a
connexion, in which there is the smallest room
for repentance ? Do you think I would take 60
225

the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness, which was acquired by lessening yours!

Marlow. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but, seriously, Mr Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion, where *I* must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marlow [Kneeling.] Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation!

Hard. Your cold contempt! your formal interview! 90
What have you to say now?

Marlow. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter!

Marlow. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be? 100

Marlow. Oh, the devil!

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. [Curtseying.] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable rattle of the ladies' club: ha, ha, ha.

Marlow. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, sir, will 110
127

you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy: or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning; ha, ha, ha!

Marlow. O, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

120

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.*

Enter Mrs Hardcastle, Tony.

Mrs Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, 130 Mr Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor, here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings?
As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could
not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud
of the connexion.

Mrs Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he
has not taken her fortune, that remains in this
family to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mer-
cenary?

Mrs Hard. Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But
you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to
marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at
her own disposal.

Hard. Ah, but he's not of age, and she has not
thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Mrs Hard. [aside]. What! returned so soon? I
begin not to like it.

Hastings [to *Hardcastle*]. For my late attempt to
fly off with your niece, let my present confusion
be my punishment. We are now come back,
to appeal from your justice to your humanity.
By her father's consent, I first paid her my
i

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150

addresses, and our passions were first founded
in duty.

Miss Neville. Since his death, I have been obliged
to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression.
In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give 160
up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm
now recovered from the delusion, and hope from
your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer
connexion.

Mrs Hard. Pshaw, pshaw ! this is all but the whining
end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come
back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony,
boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I
now offer you ?

Tony. What signifies my refusing ? You know I
can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy,
was likely to conduce to your improvement, I
concurred with your mother's desire to keep it
secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong
use, I must now declare, you have been of age
these three months.

Tony. Of age ! Am I of age, father ?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you 'll see the first use I 'll make of my liberty. [Taking *Miss Neville's hand.*] Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again!

Sir Charles. O brave 'Squire!

Hastings. My worthy friend!

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Mrs Hard. My undutiful offspring!

Marlow. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy, sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hastings [*to Miss Hardcastle.*]. Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I 'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have 200 him.

Hard. [*Joining their hands.*] And I say so, too. And Mr Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don 't believe you 'll ever repent your bargain. So now

to supper, to-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the Mistakes of the Night shall be crowned with a merry morning ; so boy, take her ; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that 2 you may never be mistaken in the wife.

Epilogue.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having stooped to conquer with success,
And gained a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Barmaid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquered him to conquer you :
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Barmaids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please,
“ We have our exits and our entrances.”
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of everything afraid ;
Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
Th’ unblushing Barmaid of a country inn.

Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On 'Squires and Cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts— 20
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'Squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher ;
Pretends to taste, at Operas cries *caro*,
And quits her *Nancy Dawson*, for *Che Faro*.
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheap-
side :

Ogles and leers with artificial skill, 30
Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives, the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The Barmaid now for your protection prays,
Turns female Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

Epilogue.

To be spoken in the character of Tony Lumpkin.

BY J. CRADOCK, ESQ.

WELL—now all's ended—and my comrades
gone,

Pray what becomes of *mother's only son*?

A hopeful blade!—in town I 'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluster in the nation.

As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her,
Off—in a crack—I 'll carry big Bet Bouncer.

Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;

No matter what a man may here inherit, 10
In London—'gad, they 've some regard for
spirit.

I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoikes to jiggs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the plays—they say it a'n't polite,
To Sadler's-Wells perhaps, or Operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.

Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We 'll set the fashions too, to half the town; 20

And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard :
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry
say,
We know what's damned genteel, as well as
they.





1 2 3

Notes.

Prol.—Woodward refused the part of “Tony,” and the recitation of the Prologue was his only share in the performance.

Prol. 3, 4. *Cp. Hamlet*, I. ii.

Prol. 12, 15. ‘*Shuter*,’ ‘*poor Ned*'; Edward Shuter, who played “Mr Hardcastle.”

Prol. 25. ‘*All is not gold that glitters . . .*’ *Cp. Dryden, The Hind and the Panther*.

I. i. 15. ‘*basket*'; usually explained as the two outside seats of a stage coach, facing each other behind; but more probably a large wicker receptacle fastened to the back axle-tree for the conveyance of luggage and occasionally of passengers. *Cp. Act V. ii. 13 and C. P. Moritz, Travels in England in 1782.*

I. i. 34. ‘*Darby . . . Joan*'; the names of a married couple who in the eighteenth century lived in the West Riding and had a traditionally long and happy life. Prior has been credited with a ballad on the subject which was, however, probably written by Henry Woodfall.

I. i. 37. ‘*make money of that*'; *i.e.* reckon how much that comes to.

I. i. 60, 61. ‘*I popped my bald head in Mrs F.'s face*.’ “One evening at Gosfield, she (Lord Clare's daughter) tied the tail of his wig, whilst he was asleep, to the back of his chair. When

he woke, and his wig came off, he, knowing at once who was the practical joker of the family, threatened to revenge himself upon her. He was then writing *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his revenge was to make Tony Lumpkin the hero in precisely the same trick." Letter from Lord Nugent, quoted in Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, IV. xv.n.

I. i. 89. '*The Three Pigeons*.' Possibly from the inn of this name on the road between Abingdon and Thame (see *Trans. of Cambridge Antiq. Soc.* 1882). The inn at Lissory derived its name from this incident, not *vice versa*.

I. i. 97. '*music box*'; a barrel-organ.

I. i. 114. '*gauze*'; a very thin transparent fabric usually of silk, so equivalent to "dainty clothes." '*frippery*'; finery in dress, especially (though not here) of a tawdry kind. *Cp.* 'a little Pinke Laden with toyes and fripperies from France' (*Crown*, *Henry VI.* i. 10). The word is also used of old cast-off clothes and the place where they are sold.

I. i. 119. '*the indigent world . . . vain*.' *Cp.* Lear's words—

'Take physic pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them.'

King Lear, III. iv. 33-35.

I. i. 237. '*the pink of perfection*'; *i.e.* the flower or highest type or example of perfection. *Cp.*—

'I am the very *pink* of courtesy.'

Romeo and Juliet, II. iv. 61.

'This is the prettiest pilgrim,
The *pink* of pilgrims.'

Fletcher, Pilgrim i. 2.

I. i. 258. '*Would it were bed-time and all were well.*' So Falstaff (*1 Henry IV.*, V. i. 125) on the eve of Shrewsbury.

I. ii. 17. '*Methodist.*' The name dates from about 1730, when it began to be applied to the circle which centred round the Wesleys at Oxford for common Christian worship and service.

I. ii. 24. '*pigeon*'; a dupe, a 'gull.'

'Then hey! at Dissipation's call
To every Club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all
He's *pigeon'd* and undone'

Richardson (*Observer*, No. 27).

I. ii. 38. '*he never gives us nothing that's low*; "When this piece was originally brought forward, the taste of the nation had sickened with a preposterous love for what was termed sentimental comedy: that is, a dramatic composition in which the ordinary business of life, which in a free country like Great Britain produces such a diversity of character, was to be superseded by an unnatural affectation of polished dialogue, in which the usages and singularities of the multitude were to be nearly, if not altogether, rejected. This false taste was borrowed from France . . . ; Kelly and others were enforcing it with ardour, when Oliver Goldsmith planted the standard of Thalia on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre."—Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, 1812. *Cp.* Preface.

I. ii. 47. '*May this be my poison*'; 'Before I would stoop to slavery *may this be my poison* (and he held the goblet in his hand) *may this be my poison*—but I would sooner list for a soldier.'—*Citizen of the World*, iv.

I. ii. 49. '*Water Parted*'; *i.e.* a song (quoted on next page) from Arne's *Artaxerxes*, an opera which appeared in 1762.

AIR, *Arbaces.*

Water parted from the sea
 May increase the river's tide ;
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile vallies glide :
 Yet in search of lost repose,
 Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

I. ii. 49. '*the minuet in Ariadne*'; i.e. at the end of the overture.

I. ii. 77. '*woundily*'; the form '*woundy*' is more frequent. Both are colloquialisms of doubtful origin meaning 'very,' 'excessively.' Cp.—

'A woundy brag young yellow.'—*Tale of a Tub*, i. 2.

and—

'Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
 For woundily sick was he.'—*Southern, St Michael's Chair*.

I. ii. 115. '*We wanted no ghost to tell us that.*' Cp.—

'There nee ds no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
 To tell us this.' *Hamlet*, I. v. 125 f.

I. i. 127. '*trapesing*'; to trapes or trape (Germ. *trappen*) is to trail along in an untidy manner; to gad about idly. "How am I to go *trapesing* to Kensington . . ." *Esmond*, II. xv. '*trolloping*'; walking or working in a slovenly manner. *Trollop* is possibly a corruption of *troll-about*.

I. iii. 164, 165. '*we could as soon find out the longitude*'; an allusion to the attempts made to secure the huge rewards offered by Parliament in 1713 for accurate means of determining longitude at sea. One John Harrison, was successful in fulfilling the conditions of the test, but had difficulty in getting paid.

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In 1773, however, after the king had interposed for him, he received his due.

I. ii. 188. '*sending them to your father's as an inn.*' *Cp.* Preface, where Forster's account of a similar incident in Goldsmith's life is quoted.

II. i. 64. '*Wauns*'; Diggory's corruption of '*Swounds*' (*cp.* '*Zounds*'); *i.e.* 'By God's wounds.'

II. i. 181. '*prepossessing*'; in the unusual sense of giving an unfavourable impression; and accordingly usually altered to unprepossessing. *Cp.* perhaps—

'Let not prejudice *prepossess* you.'

Walton, *Angler*.

II. i. 184. '*duchesses of Drury Lane.*' Duchess is here used in the sense of a woman of imposing demeanour or showy appearance. There does not seem to be an allusion to actresses who played duchesses' parts.

II. i. 214. '*Denain*'; near Valenciennes. The French under Marshal Villars defeated the allies under Prince Eugene here in July 1712.

II. i. 235. '*punch*' began to make its appearance in London in the time of Queen Anne. It was introduced from India and takes its name from its five (Hind. *panch*) ingredients.

II. i. 243. '*Here's cup, sir.*' The reading of the *editio princeps*. Most editions read '*Here's a cup, sir.*'

II. i. 274. '*Heyder Ally*,' or Hyder Ali, Sultan of Mysore (1717-1782) at the time when Clive was laying the foundations of British rule in India. '*Ally Cawn*,' or Ali Khan, Subah of Bengal about the same time. '*Ally Croaker*'; the name of an Irish ditty beginning—

'There lived a man in Ballinacrasy:

In Moore's *Irish Melodies*, the tune 'Ally Croaker' is given as the setting for 'O the Shamrock.'

II. i. 284, 285. '*an argument . . . better than any in Westminster Hall.*' An allusion to the former scene of the Law Courts.

II. i. 299. '*the battle of Belgrade*' on the Danube, where the Turks were defeated, 16th August 1717. Two days later the city surrendered.

II. i. 355. '*pruin sauce*'; i.e. '*prune s.*' Modern taste prefers apple sauce with pork.

II. i. 371. '*Florentine*'; explained by an eighteenth century Dictionary as 'a made Dish of Minced Meats, Currans, Spice, Eggs, etc., Bak'd.' The '*Shaking pudding*' may be compared with our jellies and blanc-manges.

II. i. 372. '*tiff-taffy taffety cream.*' Taffety cream (here pronounced with Marlow's stammer) was a sweetmeat or dish prepared from cream and resembling the thin glossy silk known as taffeta.

II. i. 436-8. '*we shall soon be in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.*' These words were "instantly applied to His Royal Highness (the Duke of Gloucester) by the audience, and several rounds of applause testified their feeling for his situation." In consequence of the Royal Marriage Act of 1772—levelled at the brothers of George III.—the Duke of Gloucester had been unable to legally marry Lady Waldegrave, the object of his affections.

II. i. 658-9. '*Ranelagh*'; gardens in Chelsea near the Thames. They (like St James's Park) were noted for concerts and masquerades from 1740-1805, in which year they were closed. The mention of '*Tower Wharf*', by no means a fashionable locality, hints that Hastings was having a joke at

the expense of Mrs Hardcastle's ignorance. Cp. the introduction of '*The Borough*' (i.e. Southwark) in 1. 665 after the '*Pantheon*', an imitation of the Roman building of that name erected in Oxford Street in 1772 and used as an opera house—it has since 1867 been a wine shop; and the '*Grotto Gardens*' which are possibly to be identified with *The New Spring Gardens*, the old name of Vauxhall Gardens.

II. i. 669. '*the Scandalous Magazine*'; the "Town and Country Magazine" was so nicknamed because of its "*Tête-à-Têtes*," a series of bust-portraits with sarcastic biographies.

II. i. 674. '*dagagée*'; i.e. showing an unstudied careless ease.

II. i. 683. '*since inoculation began*'; Jenner's *vaccine* inoculation was not introduced till 1799, but so far back as 1721 inoculation from small-pox had been introduced from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

II. i. 700. '*Gothic*'; i.e. rude, barbarous. Cp. Goldsmith, *Introd. to Hist. World*, 'That late, and we may add Gothic, practice of using and multiplicity of notes.'

II. i. 740. '*Back to back, my pretties.*' Cp. the similar scene in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xvi.

II. i. 758-9. '*The Complete Housewife*' was the title of a well-known eighteenth century handbook of domestic medicine; *Quincy* (d. 1723) compiled a '*Complete English Dispensatory*' which ran through many editions.

II. i. 773. '*your agreeable wild notes.*'

Cp. 'Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.'

Milton, *L'Allegro*.

II. i. 811. '*as loud as a hog in a gate*'; e.g. when it has stuck fast and is unable to move.

II. i. 827. ‘*Anon*’; the frequent reply of a servant to a master, meaning “in a moment,” or “Coming, Sir.” Here the idea seems to be that the first speaker has not been understood and the word is used in the sense of “I beg your pardon,” almost = “(say it) again.”

III. 39. ‘*mauvaise honte*,’ bashful awkwardness.

III. 48. ‘*Bully Dawson*,’ a notorious ruffian of the early eighteenth century. In *The Spectator*, No. 2, the story is told of how Sir Roger de Coverley made a name by kicking Dawson out of a coffee-house.

III. 140. ‘*Morrice, Prance!*’ i.e. ‘waltz away,’ ‘off you trot,’ ‘clear out quickly.’ *Morrice* is connected with ‘moris-dance.’

III. 154. ‘*marcasites*;’ the crystallized forms of iron pyrites, frequently used for personal decoration in the eighteenth century, being made into watch-cases, buckles and other ornaments. It took a good polish and could be made to resemble gold or silver ore.

III. 167. ‘*table-cut*;’ emeralds and other coloured stones are sometimes cut with a large *table* or front face, with bevelled edges.

III. 228-230. A stage direction—*Exit Miss Neville*—seems necessary here, but is not noted in the *editio princeps*.

III. 288. ‘*the Beaux’ Stratagem*;’ Farquhar’s most successful comedy, brought out in 1707. ‘*Cherry*’ is the landlord’s daughter, and was first played by Mrs Bicknell, Steele’s friend.

III. 400. ‘*the Ladies’ Club*’ is described in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1770 under the name of the “Female Coterie.” Its members, however, included gentlemen, among them Fox,

Iwyn, and Walpole, who, in a letter to Lady Ossory (14 sc. 1771), speaks of it as "our Albemarle Street Club."

III. 410. '*Miss Biddy Buckskin.*' On the early nights of the play this ran, "Miss Rachael B.", an allusion to Miss Rachael Boyd, an elderly maiden member of the "Ladies' Club," which was resented by Walpole (see his letter to Lady Ossory, March 1773).

III. 438-9. '*I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace six times following.*' To nick seven is to hazard one's money on seven. Consequently to throw *ames-ace* (=ambs-ace, two ones thrown on the same time on two dice) thrice running under such circumstances is very bad luck.

IV. 204. '*the Rake's Progress*'; an allusion to Hogarth's celebrated pictures, which were published in 1735.

IV. 250. '*The Dullissimo Maccaroni.*' The term *maccaroni* is applied in the eighteenth century to London fops. Cf. Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*. "You are a delicate Londoner; you are a *macaroni*; you can't ride." Such exquisites had their *Maccaroni Club*, and the print shops of Goldsmith's day abounded in engravings in which they were caricatured.

IV. 357. '*haspicholls*'; a popular malapropism for 'harpischord,' found in a letter written by Gray to Chute in '46. De Wilde's portrait of Quick in this scene represents only in the indoor costume of an ordinary country gentleman. In most representations of the play he appears in hunting-dress throughout.

IV. 419, 20. '*Dick Ginger, the feeder*'; i.e. cock-feeder and mincer. The word is used in the same sense in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

IV. 496. '*baskets*', i.e. single-sticks with basket-hilts.

V. ii. 13. ‘*basket*.’ See Note on Act I. i. 15.

V. ii. 19. ‘*rabbit me*.’ From Fr. *rabattre*, to beat down, humble. *Cp.* *rabate*, rebate.

V. ii. 24, 25. A similar trick was afterwards played by Sheridan on Madame de Genlis.

V. iii. 186, 187. The common stage variant “Constantia Neville may go to the Devil” has no warrant in the early editions, though it is possible that Quick was tempted by the rhyme and made the change, a proceeding which would somewhat justify the charge of vulgarity brought by Walpole against the play.

Epil. I. This Epilogue was spoken by Mrs Bulkley (d. 1792) as “Miss Hardcastle.” It appears in the *editio princeps* between Garrick’s Prologue and the Dramatis Personæ.

I. 8. *Cp. As You Like It*, II. vii.

I. 26. ‘*Nancy Dawson*; a popular contemporary song. ‘*Che Faro*,’ the opening words of an air in Glück’s *Orfeo ed Euridice*, 1764.

I. 29. ‘*Heinel*; the name of a French dancer at the Opera House, who was very popular about 1773.

I. 32. ‘*spadille*; i.e. the ace of spades in the card games of ombre and quadrille. *Cp.*—

‘*Spadillo* first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps and swept the board.’

Pope, *Rape*, III. 49.

I. 36. ‘*pleads for Bayes*; the name of a character in Buckingham’s *Rehearsal*, intended for Dryden. There is possibly a punning allusion to the crown of bay leaves given to a successful poet.

Epil. II. A note in the *editio princeps* says: “This came

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too late to be Spoken." Cradock was the author of *Zobeide*, etc, and an intimate friend of Goldsmith.

I. 2. 'nonly,' a vulgarism for *only*. *Cp.* the change by which *as evnt* became *a newt*.

I. 17. 'Sadler's-Wells'; a popular pleasure garden, built in 1683 for the entertainment of visitors to a medicinal spring near the New River Head; in 1765 it was transformed into a theatre.

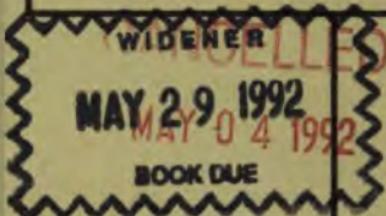
I. 18. *oratorio*, the first oratorio in London was performed in 1732 in Lincoln's Inn.

* * * In Goldsmith's Poems will be found two other Epilogues intended for this play.





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